

W. A. Kelly

The Student's Pen



May, 1928

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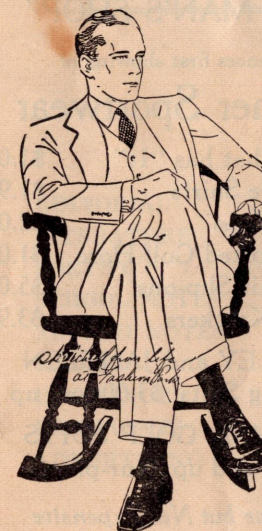
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Dulce et Decorum

O young and brave, it is not sweet to die,
To fall and leave no record of the race,
A little dust trod by the passers-by,
Swift feet that press your lonely resting-place;
Your dreams unfinished, and your song unheard—
Who wronged your youth by such a careless word?

All life was sweet—veiled mystery in its smile;
High in your hands you held the brimming cup;
Love waited at your bidding for a while,
Not yet the time to take its challenge up;
Across the sunshine came no faintest breath
To whisper of the tragedy of death.

And then, beneath the soft and shining blue,
Faintly you heard the drum's insistent beat;
The echo of its urgent note you knew,
The shaken earth that told of marching feet;
With quickened breath you heard your country's call,
And from your hands you let the goblet fall.

You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie.
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!

T. P. Cameron Wilson.



Memorial Day

THE thirtieth of May is generally observed in the Northern states as "Memorial Day." On this day, all people pay respect to the soldier dead and almost every city, town, and village have patriotic services of some kind to show that they have not forgotten the men "who fought that this country might live."

We not only pay respect to the boys who died in action but also to those who fought in their midst and survived.

The veterans of the Civil War are becoming fewer each year and we should pay a greater homage this year than ever before to those few that have survived.

The Student's Pen dedicates this issue to the soldiers, living and dead, with a hope that the material presented will inspire its readers to such an extent that Memorial Day this year will have a broader, fuller meaning than ever before.

The Editor

The Minute Men of Sixty-One

ALL of us have heard of the famous Minute Men of Revolutionary fame. We have honored them, erected statues in their memory, and even set aside a day, April 19th, to commemorate their victory. These men deserve many honors, for it was they who were prepared at a "minute's" notice to stop the British advance on Concord.

But while we are praising these "Fathers of Liberty" we are apt to forget those men who, nearly one hundred years later, were prepared to take up arms on a "minute's" notice to preserve the great union. This body of men, when first organized in 1853 in the town of Pittsfield, was called the Pittsfield Guard. But during the next few years the probability of war seemed so remote that the organization disbanded.

In 1860, however, when the feeling for war became very tense in this neighborhood, steps were taken to reorganize the guard. Financial support, the need of which was felt strongly, was given by Thomas Allen. Thus the newly organized guard, captained by Henry S. Briggs, was named after this generous citizen. In January of 1861 Governor Andrews ordered that all of the volunteer companies in the state have men in their ranks who could respond at short notice to the call of the president. So these men were now like their grandfathers, the Minute Men of 1775.

The entire population of the town supported both financially and morally the Allen Guard, which met twice a week in the armory to drill. Once a month the ladies were allowed to witness the drills, and at that time the old armory was always crowded, showing the tenseness of the feeling in this town at that time.

When President Lincoln issued the call for troops after the attack on Fort Sumter, the governor ordered that the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment depart immediately for Washington. This regiment came principally from around Lowell, but there was one company unable to go, and Captain Briggs, being in Boston at the time, offered the services of the Allen Guards.

On the seventeenth of April word was received in Pittsfield from Captain Briggs for the Company to report at Springfield the next day. Imagine the confusion of preparing the belongings of over seventy-five men to leave for—nobody knew how long! But the next day all of the seventy-eight men in their gray and gold uniforms marched to the station with throngs of cheering people surrounding them. At a mass meeting the same day five thousand dollars was collected to provide for the families of the departing men. That was a day long to be remembered,—when the first boys in uniforms marched off to war.

The Allen Guard as a part of the Eighth Regiment did much fine work guarding railroads in and around Washington, and were stationed at Fort Mc-Hendry for some time. However, they saw no action and returned home a few months later. Most of the members enlisted in some other company and from the ranks of those seventy-eight "Minute Men", there sprang a brigadier-general, two lieutenant-colonels, a major, four captains, and seven lieutenants.

Those men whose love of the Union and love of the principles of freedom was so great that they were willing to sacrifice many personal privileges and even their lives, should be honored by us. Although we may have the ambition and energy of youth to look only ahead, let us pay tribute at least one day during the year, Memorial Day, to the memory of the "Minute Men of Sixty-One" who by saving our government from disunion made it possible for us to be as prosperous as we are today.

Kirkland Sloper

Henry Shaw Briggs

HENRY SHAW BRIGGS was born in Lanesborough, August 1, 1824, the son of Governor George Nixon Briggs. He was a graduate of Williams College and received his professional training at the Harvard Law School. From the date of his admission to the bar until the outbreak of the Civil War, he practiced law in Pittsfield.

No native of Berkshire County achieved more distinction in the war than he did. In 1861 he was captain to Pittsfield's Allen Guard, a company of militia that was not attached to any regimental organization.

Mr. Briggs happened to be trying a law case in Boston when Governor Andrew issued a call for the first quota of troops of the Massachusetts regiments. When he learned that one of them lacked two companies, the Pittsfield lawyer, after court had been adjourned in the afternoon, hurried to the Governor and asked that the Allen Guard be attached to that command. When the trial was resumed in the morning, a lawyer was missing.

"Where is Mr. Briggs?" complained the presiding judge.

"Captain Briggs, may it please the court," replied an attorney, "has gone to Washington at the head of his company."

He was given the position of colonel on June 10, 1861, of the Massachusetts Tenth Regiment. This was one of the six regiments furnished by the Common-

wealth to serve for three years. Having been sent to join the Army of the Potomac, the Tenth Regiment started its first fighting on May 31, 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, Va. Colonel Briggs was severely wounded in both thighs, but as soon as he recovered from his wounds he returned to active service. In the meantime he had been promoted to be brigadier-general for his gallantry on the field. During the remaining years of the war he served faithfully in Virginia, although his health was affected by the wounds he received.

His memory will always be visibly preserved in Pittsfield by the bowlder and the bronze tablet, dedicated in 1907 and located near the courthouse. The inscription of the stone reads as follows:—

HENRY SHAW BRIGGS
A LEADER OF BRAVE MEN
BORN IN LANESBOROUGH, AUGUST 1, 1824
SON OF GOVERNOR GEORGE NIXON BRIGGS
GRADUATE WILLIAMS COLLEGE 1844
GRADUATE HARVARD LAW SCHOOL 1848
CAPTAIN OF PITTSFIELD GUARDS 1855
CAPTAIN OF ALLEN GUARD 1861
RESPONDED APRIL 18, 1861
TO LINCOLN'S FIRST CALL FOR TROOPS
COLONEL OF TENTH MASS. VOLUNTEER INFANTRY
A REGIMENT
DISCIPLINED BY HIS TRAINING
INSPIRED BY HIS EXAMPLE
MUSTERED IN UNITED STATES SERVICE
JUNE 21, 1861
SERVED WITH HONOR IN
TWENTY BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR 1861-64
BRIGADIER GENERAL JULY 27, 1862
DIED IN PITTSFIELD SEPTEMBER 23, 1887
"PALE GLORY WALKS BY VALOR'S BIER."

William Francis Bartlett

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT was born June 6, 1840, at Haverhill, Mass. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was a junior at Harvard University but he left school and joined the fourth battalion of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia. For about a month he was on garrison duty at Fort Independence in Boston Harbor, and while there, he attracted the attention of Lieutenant-colonel Francis W. Palfrey, who gave Mr. Bartlett the captaincy in the new regiment, and, seeing that he filled the position capably for six weeks, he made him senior captain. Sept. 4, 1861, the regiment left the state for the front.

The first battle that he partook in was the fierce struggle at Balls Bluff, October 21, 1861. On April 24, 1862, while with his regiment at the outpost in front of Yorktown, a rifle bullet struck his knee, shattering the bone and necessitating the amputation of the leg four inches above the knee. On September 20, 1862, he was chosen colonel of the Forty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts

Infantry which was assembled at Camp Briggs in Pittsfield. In January 1863, the regiment landed in New Orleans, and after a short campaign in this section, marched against Port Hudson on May 27. Port Hudson was taken but General Bartlett's hand was shattered in the battle. Luckily the wound was not so severe as to make amputation necessary. Not daunted by these injuries that forced him to return home, he raised the Fifty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment and led them to the front. In the battle of the Wilderness, 1864, he was again wounded, this time in the head. Fortunately the ball glanced off. In June of the same year, he was commissioned Brigadier-general of the Volunteers. In a fight before Petersburg, he was captured, and held by the Confederates for two months. He never fully recovered from disease contracted because of hardships undergone during that period.

His public life was active after the war and he added much to his fame by his speeches for reconciliation. General Bartlett died December 17, 1876, after a long illness. He was buried in the Pittsfield cemetery.

Most of Mr. Bartlett's life was spent in Pittsfield and the vicinity. He was general manager of the Pomeroy Iron Works in West Stockbridge and he went from this city to work each day.

On September 24, 1872, the Soldiers' Monument in Park Square was dedicated. General Bartlett took a great interest in this monument, and he was chairman of the committee on procuring it. He wrote the dedicatory inscription which is cut upon the base, and which reads as follows:—

On the west face,

FOR THE DEAD—A TRIBUTE

FOR THE LIVING—A MEMORY

FOR POSTERITY
AN EMBLEM
OF LOYALTY TO THE FLAG
OF THEIR COUNTRY

On the east face,

WITH GRATEFUL RECOGNITION
OF THE SERVICES OF ALL HER SONS
WHO UPHELD THE HONOR AND
INTEGRITY OF OUR BELOVED
COUNTRY
IN HER HOUR OF PERIL
THE TOWN OF
PITTSFIELD
ERECTS THIS MONUMENT IN
LOVING MEMORY OF THOSE
WHO DIED THAT THE
NATION
MIGHT LIVE

I can wager that very few pupils in our high school have ever realized that such a great man once lived in our fair city, and I also wonder if we all knew that, as we cheered for the Pittsfield High basketball teams in the Armory, the statue of General Bartlett looked on.

Hereafter, when we are at the Armory or passing the monument in the Park, let us give him a thought that his memory may live on.

Memorial Day

THE new life that comes into the world with spring reaches its fullest significance on Memorial Day. It seems then that we come nearer to a true appreciation of what we owe to those whose memories we pause to honor in the midst of this season of greatest joy. It is too easy for us to forget that the high degree of civilization which we pride ourselves on having attained, is the result of a long and gradual contribution on the part of millions of individuals toward a constantly increasing betterment of the conditions of life. On this account, it is well that we have had this day set aside to bring this fact to mind. It is the duty of the modern world, with so many centuries behind it, to stop and consider this in order to come into closer touch with the past upon which it is built and to see with broader outlook into the future what the contribution of this century is going to be to the history of mankind.

The greatest attention on Memorial Day has always been turned to the commemoration of those who died in war, sacrificing their lives to an ideal. After all, the ideals for which men fight, whether they are right or wrong, are the best part of war, and Memorial Day should emphasize these, not the false glory of war. Animals are capable of fighting to kill but not of fighting for ideals, which are the only thing that raises war above mere bestiality. Furthermore, mass fighting would be impossible without a single ideal to give unity to a cause. In the case of our own American wars there have been three outstanding battle cries: "Freedom" in the Revolution; "Union" in the Civil War; "Democracy" in the World War. The triumph of these has done much to make this country a better place in which to live and we can happily say that those who have died for them have not done so in vain. However, we all know that there is always room for improvement and that the endurance and effectiveness of such ideals still depend upon a wise application of them to present needs, not simply a celebration of them with an empty hulla-ba-loo.

The Editor

"The Woman's Part"

THROUGHOUT countless ages the man has been the defender of his country. The man has fought and suffered to maintain the standards and the ideals of nations, while the woman, though less recognized, has played a role which is equally as important.

The woman, of course, has played a less active part. She has remained at home, she has given her brother, her husband, or her son into the service of her country and she has inspired him with noble hope and purpose. In these critical times the woman takes the man's place, she does his work, she scrimps and saves that her son or husband may enjoy more of the comforts of home, she keeps the home fires burning" while she is patiently awaiting the return of her loved ones.

No better example of the woman's bravery and fortitude could be shown than that of Madame Schumann-Heink. No woman gave more generously or served her country more nobly than this great opera singer. Four of her sons fought in the great World War; one of these sacrificed his life for the United States; another gave his life for Germany. Not only did Madame Schumann-Heink give her sons, but she served her country in many other ways. Many were the soldiers in the training camps who were honored by her presence and inspired by her singing. Many were the soldiers whose hearts were gladdened by the very presence of this wonderful woman. Several times Madame Schumann-Heink broke important engagements to sing "Taps" at the funeral of one of "her boys" who had given his life for his country. Only a few weeks ago Madame Schumann-Heink gave a home to "her boys," who had been permanently disabled through the World War. Her great generosity, and her consideration of others, have been as well-known to her many admirers as her singing, and have made her dearly loved by many countries and nations. Her strength of character and her indomitable courage have gained her a lasting reputation among "her boys" as well as among thousands of others. Though Madame Schumann-Heink was born in Austria, she is a true American and has served as a fine example of the American woman. She is as great as that noble Spartan mother who said: "Come home, my son, with your shield or upon it."

V. Victoreen

The Unknown

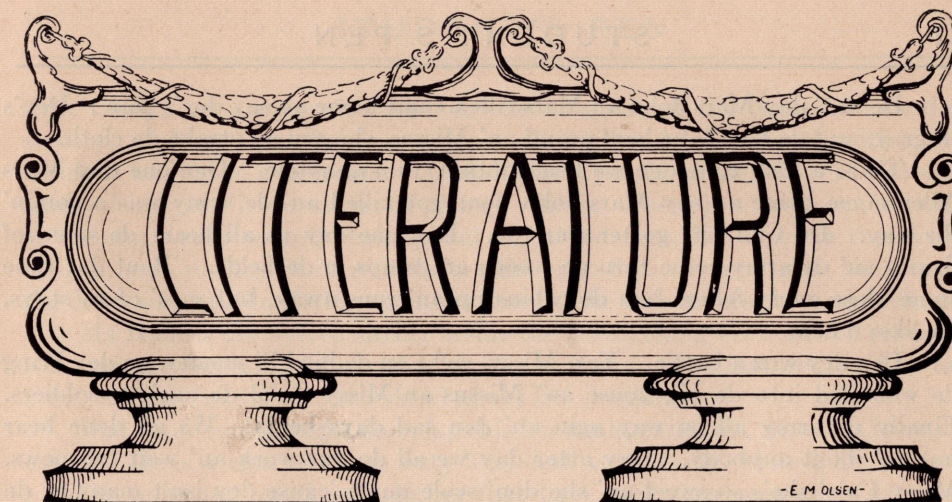
A SHORT distance beyond the entrance to the Pittsfield Cemetery is a green hillside garlanded with laurels and the flag of our country. It is the mound of the unknown dead. "The Unknown"—how appropriate is the name given to this spot dedicated to the soldiers of our Civil War. Not the body of one soldier is buried there, but the soul of every soldier who fought for the United States hallows the ground.

This mound was dedicated in 1868 to the men who gave their lives that the Union might live. Since that first Memorial Day, the Grand Army of the Republic has been granted the use of the mound on Chapel Hill, as it is called, in order to recall the memory of those heroes who united the nation by shedding their blood.

The local branch of the Grand Army, the W. W. R., so named in honor of Captain William W. Rockwell, a Pittsfield man who died in action, holds a simple ceremony each year in commemoration of our dead. Although the number of veterans annually grows less, yet those who are able are present at this humble shrine, this grave of dead comrades. As the salute and taps are sounded what a wealth of memories must flood the spirit of each gray-haired veteran!

Then "The Unknown" is left in peace, blessed by Sorrow, rendered holy by tears—"but in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground."

M. Keegan '29



Reminiscences

DAS suh, lil missy, Ah sho does remember de days of de war. Sho! Ah was only a lil shaver den, 'bout knee high to a grasshopper, an' I b'longed to Missy Ca'ol den same's ah does now."

"But Uncle, you don't belong to anyone now; you're free. That's what the war was about."

"Yas'm, so dey done tol' me, but ah dunno; It's jus 'bout de same now, an' ah likes ter b'long ter Missy Ca'ol, she allus so purty an' sweet like."

Uncle was a bent old fellow, whose inexhaustible fund of stories made him the most popular person on the large plantation. Whenever one of us children arrived at his cabin, we were greeted with a wide grin and were installed on the tiny pocket handkerchief of carefully kept lawn in front of the cabin and presented with foot long sticks of fresh sugar cane.

Today I had been burrowing in the roomy attic of the "big house" and had found some old clothes that turned my thoughts to the Civil War. Now, seated enjoying my portion of cane, I clamored to hear Uncle's reminiscences.

"Tell me about it, Uncle."

"Wal, t'wuz 'bout dis time o' yeah an de cotton fields wuz like one o' de great, white spreads frum de "big house." Ah wuz sent up ter de house wid sometin' foh Missy Ca'ol. De moon wuz a-shinin' bright and de birds wuz a-twitterin' an' de roses wuz a fallin' over de trellis. Ah stopped by de winder and saw de Cun'l a sittin' in his big chair, an' Missus and Missy Ca'ol wuz on de settee sewin' on de tings foh lil' miss's weddin'. It wuz acomin' soon an' de cabins wuz gettin' ready too. Missy Ca'ol, she wuz smilin' so sweet like.

Den all at once dey wuz de soun' of a horse. Ah wuz skeered, so ah hides behime a bush under de winder. Up de paf thru de woods comes Mars Nathan, dat's Missy Ca'ols' man, on his big brown horse. W'en dey reach de house he jump down an' rush in de house. Den he comes inter de room where de family wuz an he says, "Ah'm guine."

Dey all look skeered foh a minnit, and Missy Ca'ol raise her han'; den she drap it an' try ter smile; den dey all say, "Good bye Nathan, an' God be with you an' our cause." An' him an' Missy Ca'ol dey walk in de moonlight an' whisper tergidder.

De nex' day Mars John an Mars Allen come home an say dey's goin'. Dey's in gray, and de Cun'l, he look proud an' Missus, she cry an stroke de cloth.

T'was a long time den we heah nuthin' fum annyone. Den one day Mars Allen come home an say Mars John done got killed an' de army was a comin' dis way. De Cun'l he go ter war too. Den one day us all hears de soun' of drums an' de army come thru de woods an camps in de fields. 'Bout dat time some dose onery fellers fum de cabins up an' runs away, but mos' of us stays, we likes it here.

Den dey wuz a battle. Yas, Missy, right on de big hill yonder, an dey bring de wounded into de big house an' Missus an Missy Ca'ol de nus' de soldiers. Finally de army all go way agin an' den sad days begin! We all done hear nuthin' 'bout anybody. Day atter day we all do our work an' wait foh news. Missy Ca'ol she's so sweet an' she don' scole much 'cause dey isn't many at de cabins now.

At last atter years and years of sorrow de Cun'l come home an' Mars Allen come home, but not Mars Nathan. Dey say he wuz captured, an' as he wuz wounded dey's 'fraid he's dead.

De day atter de Cun'l come home, he calls us all fom de cabins an' he says, "De war's over now an' you alls free."

We's scared. We think maybe we alls hev ter go, an' we likes it here. Den I speaks up an' says, "Cun'l, suh, does us all hev ter go?" an' he says, "No, Rames, ah'd like ter hev you stay, but youse free ter do what you like." Sowe stays.

Den one day when de cotton wuz in bloom agin, ah wuz out follerin' Missy Ca'ol on her walk when we hears de noise of someone tearin' thru de bushes, an' long come one de lil fellers fum Mars Nathan's plantation an' he jump an' leap along an cry, "Mars Nathan! Mars Nathan's done come back!"

An' sho' nuf he hed. Dat night de moon wuz a-shinin bright an' de birds wuz a twitterin, an' de roses wuz a fallin' over de trellis, an' Missy Ca'ol all smilin' an' happy, she walk with Mars Nathan an de whispers soft tergidder.

Dorothy Lamar '29

The Call

A One Act Play

By George H. Beebe

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Pa Hunt	a moonshiner
Ma Hunt	his wife
Rufe Hunt	his son
Bud Crow	Pa's partner
Mamy Crow	his daughter
Sheriff	from nearby town

SCENE

Act I. Scene 1. Pa Hunt's Cabin in the Tennessee Mountains. Summer.

Scene 2. The same. Winter.

Scene 1

At the rise of the curtain we see the combined living-kitchen and bedroom of Hunt's cabin. At the back of the stage, there is a door at the left, while at the

right there is an alcove with a window looking out on the beautiful mountain scenery. A huge stone fireplace occupies the right side of the scene with a door beside it leading to a bedroom. A small closet stands at the left. The cabin is made of logs and its structure is plainly visible. There is a table in the center of the stage with several chairs about it; a bed or rather a cot in the alcove, while a large rocking chair rests before the open fire. Several guns hang beside the door, and outside resting against a tree can be seen several hoes, shovels, etc.

Ma Hunt is discovered sitting beside the fire smoking her corn cob pipe. She is a typical mountain white with straggley hair and coarse features. She wears a cotton dress, and a tattered shawl about her shoulders.

Bud Crow comes to the door, lays his hoe against the tree, wipes his brow and enters. He is a man of about sixty-five, dark complexion, white hair; he wears a short, unkempt beard and clothes that have long since seen their day. He crosses to the table and drops down in the chair exhausted.

Ma Hunt: 'Lo Bud. I reckon it be rather hot workin' in the fields today.

Bud: Well, Ma, there never use ter be a day too hot fer me to work but I'm gittin' old and I can't stand the heat no more.

Ma Hunt: Well, as soon as this crop is finished you'll have the winter ahead of ye and then things will be a heap easier.

Bud: Rufe has'nt come back from the village with Mamy yet, has he? He wuz goin' to git me some more of those pills like he got me las' month.

Ma Hunt: No, but they'll be comin' 'fore long. I spect they probably stopped at Rufe's cabin that he's a buildin' for them to live in next year. You'll miss having Mamy 'round, won't you? But I reckon my Rufe will make her happy.

Bud: Yas, I know 'e will.

(Pa Hunt enters. He is a gruff man of about fifty-five, dark hair and a beard, a long scar across his left cheek, and wears a dark woolen suit).

Pa: Well, Bud, I guess we kin begin runnin' the tubs as soon as we get through with that field down by the brook. Since yer so feeble I gess I'll get Tap to help us out next week.

Bud: I ain't so feeble but whut I kin do my share. Well, I think I'll be gittin' over home on fix Mamy's dinner. (He crosses to the door and looks out.) Why, here cume Rufe and Mamy now and runnin' as fas as they kin.

Ma: (rising and crossing to the window followed by Pa.) It's the first time I ever see Rufe hurry—something must be wrong.

(Rufe and Mamy rush breathlessly into the room. Rufe is about twenty-five—sturdy, tall, rather awkward boy, with hair that has never found a part, but the clothes he wears, though shabby, are neat. Mamy is a rather delicate girl of about twenty. She wears a gingham dress that is slightly soiled.)

Rufe: (breathlessly) The sheriff is comin' with his men! Mamy and I were over by the cabin when we saw them comin' up the river trail. We ran all the way.

Pa: The sheriff? He hasn't been up this way in some time. I don't know what he wants or whether he'll come here but I imagine this is where he's headed for. Bud, take a gun and get in the bedroom. Aim through the curtains and

if he starts anything—shoot to kill. I'll get in the closet and do the same. (Each take a gun and go up to the window).

Rufe: Bud, here be yer pills—and Ma—the whole village was all excited and I esked old Bill, that use ter work for Pa, what it was all 'bout. He sez thar's goin' to be a war and the Yankees are goin' to fight the Germuns. Ma, he sez they need men ta fight and that if they did'nt get enough, our country 'round here is liable to get taken. I'd better go.

Pa: Don't be a fool Rufe, your place is here with us.

Ma: But Rufe, yer might get killed and yer Ma thinks too much of ya to have thet happen. Besides who would ya fight for, the Yankees or the Germuns.

Rufe: The Yankees. All the men in the village is goin' on their side because they say the Germuns are bad people.

Pa: Never mind that now. The sheriff is likely to be here any minut Rufe, go out and bar the barn up and git in here, quick. (Rufe obeys. Bud disappears into the bedroom.) Now Ma and Mamy, you act calm like and tell him that the men folks have gone a fishin'. I'll be watchin' if he starts anything. Here he comes now! (He goes into the closet and Rufe comes running in).

Rufe: Thar comin' here all right. Ma, sit in your chair and Mamy and I will set at the table eaten like we were hungary after our trip to town. (He goes to the cupboard and brings out some bread and jam and both he and Mamy start eating. The sheriff enters, looks about and all turn about as if startled).

Sheriff: Hello, Mrs. Hunt and Rufe. (Nods at Mamy) How be ye?

Ma: (sarcastically) We up here are always all right if we're left alone.

Sheriff: Yes, I reckon you are—Rufe, I suppose you've heard 'bout this here war that's broke out.

Rufe: Yes, I was down in the village this morning and they told me 'bout it.

Sheriff: Mrs. Hunt, I'm sorry, but Rufe's been drafted by the Government and he'll have to go to war.

Pa: (stepping out from the closet) We don't owe the Guv'ment nothin' and I sez don't go.

Sheriff: Then I shall have to demand it in the name of the law.

Ma: (jumping up) We don't know anything about law up here and we don't intend to give our son to the Guv'ment to be taken away and killed. Sheriff, why is it ye be always lookin' for trouble.

Sheriff: Wall, if thar weren't no troubles there wouldn't be need o' no sheriffs.

Ma: If you'd leave us alone we can take care of our own affairs and never do nothin' wrong but when yer hound us all the time, ye make us hate the law. I reckon the war kin get along without our Rufe and besides he could'nt go until after we reap our crop.

Sheriff: Rufe will have to go now. The troops from town leave for camp tomorrow and then they go to France to fight.

Rufe: Ma, please let me go. They're fightin' fer this country of ours and I feel that I must answer the call. Besides the Guv'ment is stronger than us and they kin force me to go. I gess I'd better.

Mamy: (crying) No, no Rufe. I don't want yer to go.

Pa: If ya feel thet way Rufe, go ahead. I didn't think my son 'ud gone back on me.

Ma: (tears in her eyes) My son, if yer want to, I won't stop yer. I love ya, boy, an' we'll all miss ya a powerful lot.

Rufe: I'll be right with ye sheriff. (The sheriff goes out) Ma, get my things together and get my gun down from the loft. I reckon they'll be glad to have a gun like that in the war.

Bud: Whar's France?

Rufe: I think it's 'bout fifty miles north o' Pittsburg.

Ma: (getting Rufe's things packed) Seems ta me yer goin' a long way to fight. I'll put some food in your kit so ya won't get hungry till ya reach France. Thar ya be Rufe. (Hands him the kit).

Rufe: Bye Ma, and Pa—I'm sorry ya feel like ya do 'bout me goin' Pa but it can't be helped. And Mamy, when I get back we'll be married and go ta live in our little house. Please don't cry, I'll cume back soon. I'll shoot all the Germuns down with thet gun o' mine an' then you'll be powerful proud of me. Goodbye Bud, I'll bring ya back some real good terbaccer when I come.

Sheriff: (calling from outside) Are ya comin' Rufe.

Rufe: Yes, jest a minute. Goodbye everyone.

Pa: (his pride getting the best of him) Goodbye son. Jest remember one thing. When ya shoot, shoot to kill like I taught ya.

Rufe: I will, I will! (He rushes off. Everyone crowds to the door and watches him depart except Ma, who sits down in her chair and takes out her pipe).

Ma: God help ya, son!

CURTAIN

Scene 2

The room is in darkness except for the light of the fire. Frost is on the windowpane and the wind can be heard howling outside. Ma is sitting in her chair and Mamy is on the floor beside her.

Ma: Things is pretty lonesome here without Rufe, ain't they?

Mamy: I wonder where he can be tonight. I'm dreadfully askeered that something's bappened to him. We hav'nt heard from 'im since the day he left.

Ma: Yes, it does seem mighty strange that this war has lasted so long. I've prayed fer him each night and I know he's safe. It's 'bout time Pa got back from the village.

Mamy: And when Rufe comes home we'll go ta live in our little cabin. Ma, we're goin' ta be so happy there. While Rufe's working at the crops, I'll be takin' care of the house and at night when the sun is going down, we'll go strolling out in the fields and oh—

(Pa opens the door and comes in. It is snowing and his clothes are covered with flakes. He takes off his coat and advances to the fire to warm himself).

Pa: I've got a sprise' fer ya both. When I was goin' by the pust office, the sheriff cume out an' give me a letter from Rufe. I've got it here so that you can read it to Mamy and me. (He gives her the letter).

Ma: (opening it) Why, it's all printed.

Mamy: Hurry, read it.

Ma: (holding it in the light and reading) WE—ARE—SOR—RY—TO—
IN—FORM—YOU—THAT—YOUR—SON—HAS—BEEN—! (She breaks
off and tears leap into her eyes).

Pa: Ma, he's been—been killed?

Ma: (Shaking her head) Yes.

Mamy: (breaking down) My Rufe killed—oh, no—(she rises and throw
herself on the cot crying) Oh! Rufe, come back ta me—I want ya—

Pa: (in a daze) Then Rufe's gone.

Ma: (rising) You've served yer country Rufe boy, and I'm not askeered to
think where you'll go now. They'll be no wars or revenue officers in heaven,
Rufe, and ya kin enjoy yourself. God help ye, Rufe, they've taken ya away
from me and they didn't really need ya. I loved ya and was happy with ya
around—God help ya boy, God help ya!

CURTAIN

A Hero

A SIR GALAHAD in shining armor, a pioneer, buckskin clad, and in this
modern day, a popular movie idol—these are what the world calls “heroes.”

To be sure Sir Galahad was a hero; so were the pioneer men. Perhaps in a
certain sense the actor is a hero, too. There is no one who would think of denying
that our beloved “Lindy” is a hero! Did he not accomplish a feat that no other
man before or since has performed?

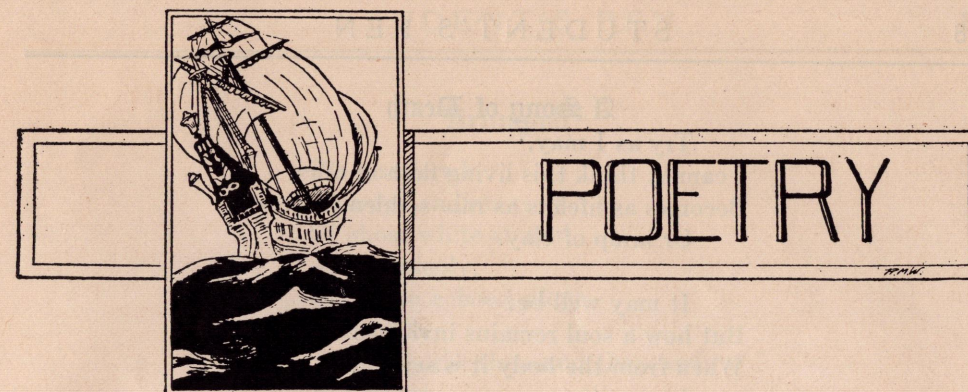
But the people of the world abuse the word “hero” more than they realize.
When they call Sir Galahad and Colonel Lindbergh heroes, they think only of the
glamorous deeds in these young men's lives, the “heroic” feats, so called.

Lindbergh is, in truth, a hero. But it is not his flight over the Atlantic
alone that has made him one. His own loving, modest personality has played
a great part in making him a world-known figure. Consider his desire to aid his
country when he might have made a fortune in the moving pictures, on the stage,
or in many other ways. Colonel Lindbergh sacrificed huge sums of money in
order that he might further aviation. His time is never his own. He is at his
country's beck and call. This, then, makes him a hero.

However, to be a hero, one does not necessarily have to be acclaimed by even
a few. The greatest heroes are those whose deeds pass unnoticed by the eyes of
the world. The boys who died in the World War are perhaps among the greatest
unknown heroes there are. To be sure our country and other nations, have
honored these men in a general way in the honoring of an unknown soldier.
But even this homage can never suffice for the sacrifices made by the soldiers.
In unknown graves “somewhere in France” they rest. The world is unaware of
the sacrifices they have made. They are heroes.

Heroes are generally thought of as conquering a seemingly impossible foe.
He is a hero, surely, who conquers a foe which is often his greatest—himself.
It is not easy to smile when you want to rage, to do cheerfully that which you
are bidden when you would much prefer to do something else. But the real hero
conquers his unruly feelings, squares his shoulders, and promptly obeys.

Grace Mochrie



Memorial Day

Beating drums—
Inspiring, patriotic music—
Tramping feet.
In uniform the men come marching,
Marching down the street.
The clatter on the pavement
Of horses hoofs—
Flags waving—
Crowds pushing—
Horses rear and prance.
Tears in the eyes of those
Who feel the true significance
Of this Memorial Day;
Tears of sorrow
For those who were lost—
Tears of joy
For those who returned—
Older—wiser—
With hidden memories
Crowding their minds.

The parade moves on
The crowds disperse.
Only echoes of
Beating drums—
Tramping feet—
And memories.

Virginia H. Sclater '28

A Song of Death

Try as I may,
I cannot think this living flesh of ours
Becomes as lifeless as rain-sodden flowers
Or lump of clay.

It may well be;
But how a soul remains inviolate
When from the body it is separate,
I cannot see.

So when I'm dead,
Wrap me away in precious robes and fair;
Encarnadine my cheeks and wave my hair,
Make my lips red;

Let faint perfume,
Gentle as secret songs that sunbeams sing,
Subtle as moonlight on a fairy's wing,
Pervade my tomb.

It is better so:
For even if within your secret heart
You think our body from our soul apart,—
Yet you will know

That when I went
Upon whatever journey there may be,
Since you had promised to do this for me,—
I was content.

Helen Pfund '28

May

May time in the country brings us flowers fresh and fair,
Apple blooms and lilacs with their perfume scent the air;
Tulip and sweet violet peep shyly out to see
The buds come swelling forth from every bush and shrub and tree.

Flower time and May time follow winter's chill and snows,
Dame Nature pays a tribute to the mothers that she knows;
For Mother's Day the fairest blooms are offered, rich and rare,
And woven in their petals lies unseen a fervent prayer.

*James A. McKenna,
Commercial '29*

Arlington

We wandered
Through endless rows
Of ghost-white stones . . .
And suddenly,
Out of an echoed silence
You spoke,
"These are the thousand thousands
For whom
There is nothing but peace
Any more."

A murmuring protest
Arose
From the stones.
(Or was it only
The wind
On the grass?)

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29

I Am A Soldier

The cannon roar, a flash goes through the sky,
The earth a seething turmoil seems
Wrecked and torn by savage beasts, not men
Who, God has deemed, should love
And serve each one and all as brothers.

Ah, for rest . . . a soft, white bed, a soothing hand
To cool my burning brow, a gentle voice
To calm my fevered brain. But, no, not these
For me; instead mud, and filth and ghastly sights
Of mangled forms which once I knew and loved.

I am a soldier, and my flag and fatherland
Are dear to me as to my fellows. But fire
And blood running like wine fill me with fear.
Oh, I would fain lay down my arms and live
And love as God decreed—but I am a soldier—I must fight.

Grace Mochrie

Old Warrior

His lean hands quiver now, his eyes are bleared;
 He shuffles painfully across the floor
 On faltering feet, for his is young no more—
 The fire of life has left him spent and seared.
 All that remains is what he "seen an' heard"
 When he was fighting in the Civil War;
 So he regales us with forgotten lore,—
 Homer in overalls and long white beard.

He is often bigoted; his ways are set.
 We do not take his words too seriously.
 Much of his reasoning is pure surmise.
 Fantastic are his narratives; and yet,
 When there's a band or a parade, I see
 The reminiscent war light in his eyes.

Helen Pfund '28

Remembrance Day

(To all the singing soldiers)

I cannot remember the stinging pang
 Of a sudden wistful leaving.
 I do not even recall the tears
 Of a too proud mother's grieving.

Poppies are still glad flowers to me,
 Laughingly, gayly red.
 I never saw poppies against the white
 Cross at a young boy's head.

Yet by the poet-soldiers dead
 And by soldier-poets living
 I swear I will never forget the brave
 Singing gift of their giving.

M. H. B.

Lincoln tells the story of how he became possessed of a jack-knife.

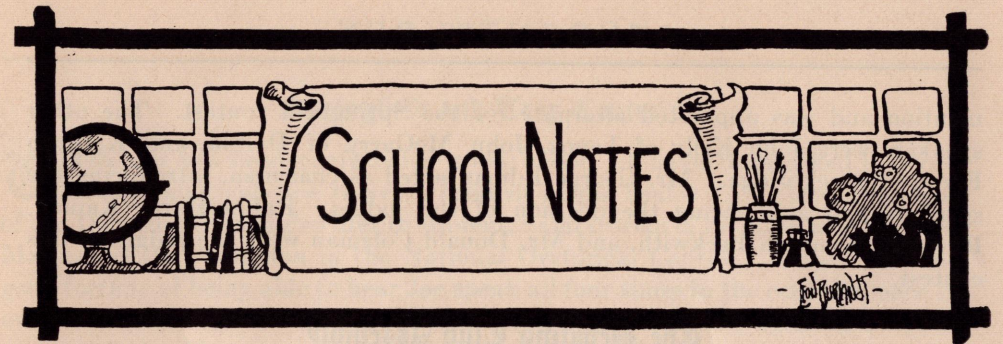
"In the days when I used to be on the circuit, traveling on horseback from one county court to another, I was once accosted by a stranger, who said:

"Excuse me, sir, but I have an article that belongs to you."

"How is that?" I asked, considerably astonished.

"This knife," said he, "was placed in my hands some years ago, with the injunction that I was to keep it until I found a man homlier-looking than I am myself. I have carried it from that time till this; allow me to say, sir, that you are fairly entitled to the property."

It is said that Lincoln later gave this knife to a minister.



The Oratorical Contest
The School Contest

An excellently presented oratorical contest took place in the auditorium on April 9th. Mr. Strout explained the object of the contest, which was to choose a pupil to represent P. H. S. in the county contest on April 28th. The final goal of the contest is a trip to Europe which will be given eight national contestants from the various sections of the United States. The international contest, in which are competitors from all parts of the world, will be held in Washington early in the fall.

Because of the lack of space in the auditorium, the contest was held in two sections. In the first section Dorothy Corley and Thomas Gannon spoke on "The Development of the Constitution," while Thomas De Fazio, Earl Griffen, Edwin McLaughlin, and Thomas Joyce spoke on "The Present Significance of the Constitution." All of the speeches were very praiseworthy and showed deep thought and careful preparation.

The second group of speakers who took part in the oratorical contest chose as their subject "The Present Significance of the Constitution." The winner, Joseph Hayes, maintained that the Constitution is a bridge over the abyss between the people and the government. It is the beacon light of America pointing out the paths of justice to the people. It gives religious liberty, for it is a justice born of impartiality to color and creed. Kirkland Sloper won second place and was named alternate. He said that we have a government of practical advantages. The Constitution insures peace and security for the people, for liberty is the keynote of the Constitution. James McKenna of Commercial High received honorable mention. "The Constitution," he claimed, is a living thing, a bond between man and state made up of laws for the uplifting of mankind. The other speakers were Betty Young and Samuel Duker whose orations were also very well rendered and contained some valuable subject matter.

The judges were: Reverend Mr. Beckwith, Father Marshall, and Rabbi Kaplan.

Ellen Davis

Irene Lutz

The County Contest

At the county oratorical contest on April 28th, Joseph Hayes was again victorious, winning the decision over four other contestants from the various high schools of Berkshire County. Joseph Hayes was named as Berkshire County's representative for the district contest in Springfield which took place on May 7th. Constance Wall of Drury High, North Adams, won honorable

mention and was appointed alternate for the Springfield contest. The other speakers were John Kelly of Lenox, John McGarry of Dalton, and Kathryn Flynn of Stockbridge. Mr. George Edman acted as chairman, introducing the speakers and announcing the decision of the judges. Rabbi Harry Kaplan, Reverend Kenneth Beckwith, and Mr. Donald Coleman were the judges of this contest.

The Debating Club Assembly

The inter-school debate on April 24th between Pittsfield High and the Berkshire Industrial School was one of the most interesting contests ever presented by the Debating Club of P. H. S. Each school had previously selected a negative team and an affirmative team. The Berkshire Industrial School sent their negative team to P. H. S., while our negative team journeyed to Canaan to contend with their affirmative team.

Joseph Pelkey acted as chairman in the contest at Pittsfield High and introduced the various debaters. The subject of the debate was: Resolved: That immigration should be further restricted in the United States.

Hayes, the first speaker of the affirmative side, emphasized the fact that the foreigners who come into the United States refuse to adopt American ideas and adhere mainly to the customs of their own country. Beman was the first to debate for the opposing team and stated that before anything could be proved, the affirmative side must show a logical plan for further restriction. The next to speak was Thomas Joyce who declared that the immigrant is not only the chief source of crime but is also the greatest offender against the Volstead Act. Stafford, the second speaker for the opposing team, told of the great economic value that the immigrant has proved to be in the refineries, mines, and factories of the United States. McLaughlin, who gave the rebuttal of the affirmative side asserted that the immigrant lowers the American standard of living by working cheaply and by not observing the rules of health. Spivocowski acted as the rebutter of the negative team and argued in defence of the art, music, poetry, and mechanical genius which the immigrant contributes toward the betterment of the country.

After the rebuttals of the two sides, the committee of judges consisting of Mr. Keegan, Mr. Nichols, and Mr. Bishop, were given a short time in which to render their decision. According to the decision of the judges, P. H. S. was victorious, winning the debate by a unanimous vote.

The negative team of Pittsfield High, which journeyed to Canaan to meet the Berkshire Industrial School's affirmative team, fared equally as well, though the teams were more evenly matched. The team consisted of Thomas DeFazio, John McClaren, and James McKenna. The judges of this contest credited Pittsfield High two points and the Berkshire Industrial School one.

The Debating Club has been doing some excellent work in the past year and is looking forward to even bigger and better things in the future. Much of the credit for the fine programs given us by the Debating Club should be given to Mr. Allen, the club advisor, for it is his kindly assistance that has made the club so great a success.

V. Victoreen

Springfield and Troy Contests

UPON me has been conferred a great honor. I have been asked to write something about Joe Hayes, President of the Senior "A" Class, President of the Debating Club, a Pro Merito student, Salutatorian of his class, and Western Massachusetts Champion in the National Oratorical Contest. I have had the good fortune of being able to hear Joe speak all four times in the contests, once in our own school, once in the county contest, in Springfield, and again in Troy, so perhaps, I should know something of his speaking ability.

Those of you who have heard him know what a fine voice he has, and what excellent poise is his. It is his earnestness of appeal, his logical reasoning, his convincing manner, his smooth delivery, his ability to thrill the audience, and his wonderful personality that have enabled him to be so successful.

Joe is certainly gifted with great oratorical ability, but I think that I am safe in saying that it was only by patient labor and practice that he has been able to attain his remarkable record. No art, no pursuit requiring skill, is mastered at once. It must be wrestled with long and patiently before it gives up the secret. No one ever delivered a famous oration without serving his apprenticeship, and doing what we call the drudgery of his art.

A man can learn how to saw wood in about fifteen minutes, and can then earn one dollar a day at that business the rest of his life. It is a useful occupation, but demands neither skill nor long training for its successful prosecution.

It is very different with pursuits demanding dexterity, skill and brains, and such is the pursuit that Joe is following. I am sure that he worked long and patiently before he was able to deliver the oration which won for him the championship of Western Massachusetts.

At the contest held in the Springfield Technical High School on Monday, May 7th, Dr. John E. Granrud, Ass't Supt. of the Springfield school, presided. He introduced the three speakers; Louis Schaffer of Springfield, Joseph Hayes, and James P. Bradley of Ware. The judges were Dr. Charles Russell, principal of the Westfield Normal, Prof. Charles H. Patterson, head of the English department of M. A. C., and Attorney W. Gordon, U. S. Commissioner of Springfield. The competition was exceedingly keen, all three of the boys being excellent speakers. The applause at the end of each of the addresses was very hearty, and the applause which greeted the announcement that Joe had been declared winner was equally general and generous. What impressed me was the wonderfully good sportsmanship that Schaffer and Bradley, the losers, showed. They lost no time in congratulating Joe, and they were very sincere in their good wishes.

On Friday, May 11, Joe went to Troy to compete with nine contestants from the northeastern section of the United States, the winner to be the representative of that section at Washington, D. C. That night it seemed to me that Joe spoke better than he ever had. He appeared perfectly at ease before that audience of 1,500 people who filled music hall. He thrilled them with the brilliance of his address—and won their unstinted applause. But the judges proclaimed Charles

J. Olson of Worcester, as winner, and Joe for the first time in the contest, tasted defeat.

Since it is the first occasion of its kind that we have ever participated in, I feel that Pittsfield High School may well be proud of the remarkable record that Joseph Hayes, our representative, has made.

Betty Young '28

Assembly for Girls

An assembly on the subject "Nursing and Its Requirements", was held on April 17th in the auditorium. The first speaker was Miss Brown, secretary of the local branch of the Tuberculosis Association. Miss Brown spoke briefly and then introduced the principal speaker, Miss Peck, of the House of Mercy staff. Miss Peck explained to us the various branches of the nursing profession and the requirements for entering each branch. She also named several training schools and stressed the importance of our selecting the school best suited to the branch of work in which we wish to specialize.

At the close of the assembly a group of those who are especially interested in nursing met with Miss Peck and were given further particulars on the subject.

Ruth McGeoch

A story of Lincoln's early political life is told in John Wesley Hill's book, "Abraham Lincoln, Man of God". It seems that in 1846, during a canvass for Congress, Lincoln attended a preaching service of Peter Cartwright's. Cartwright called on all desiring to go to heaven to stand up. All arose but Lincoln. Then he asked all to rise who did not want to go to hell. Lincoln remained seated.

"I am surprised," said Cartwright, "to see Abe Lincoln sitting back there unmoved by these appeals. If Mr. Lincoln does not want to go to heaven and does not want to escape hell, perhaps he will tell us where he does want to go." Lincoln slowly arose and replied, "I am going to Congress."

* * * *

When Miss Wentworth calls on you to answer the only question you haven't prepared—be nonchalant—light a Murad.

* * * *

Wetstein: "Why don't you hand in your jokes to the Joke Editor?"

McNamara: "What's the use? He'd only laugh at 'em."

* * * *

COURAGEOUS

Two small boys were in a dentist's office.

"Say, doc," said one, "can you pull a tooth right quick? Don't want any gas or nuthin. Jus' yank it out."

Dentist: "Surely, my little man. That's what I call being brave; just show me the tooth."

First small boy: "Come, Bob, show the dentist your tooth."

Assembly

On April 26th, the pupils of both Central and Commercial High assembled in the auditorium to hear Mr. Carpenter, a former teacher of President Coolidge. Mr. Carpenter proved to be one of the most interesting speakers that we have had this term and through his sincere manner he gained the respect and admiration of all who heard him.

The speaker related many interesting details of President Coolidge's character and presented a very vivid picture of the life in the President's home town, Plymouth, Vermont. Mr. Carpenter's amusing character descriptions of Mr. Scott, the rural doctor, of Butler and his trained cow, and of Carry Brown, Colonel John Coolidge's wife, were of great interest to the pupils. The most interesting part of his address, however, was that which centered about "Cal and his boyhood. Mr. Carpenter frequently referred to the old stone school-house where he taught the President the three "Rs". He also told several humorous incidents which had occurred in that place. Among the most interesting of these were the story of "Cal's" first long trousers, and that of his pea shooter.

Mr. Carpenter described "Cal", the school-boy, as a quiet lad, a steady and determined worker, and a good student. He also explained how Coolidge acquired two of his most famous qualities: his economy and his silence. He told of the hard-working Vermont farmers who had no time for useless gossip and who lived sometimes a mile or two from the nearest neighbors. "Economy", he said, "was an essential characteristic if one was to obtain a living from the rocky soil of those Vermont hills."

In closing, Mr. Carpenter spoke briefly of the great inspiration that the beautiful Vermont hills have been to President Coolidge. He also told of the pleasant life of that little rural community where the future president grew into manhood and which will always hold a warm place in his heart and in the hearts of all who have ever lived there among the hills of Vermont.

V. Victoreen

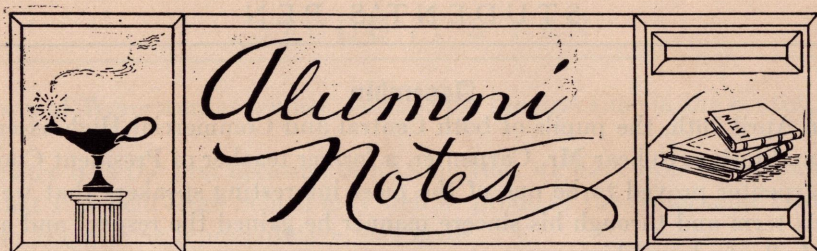
M. A. C. Assembly for Girls

On April 18th, Miss Hamelin spoke to the girls of the school on the advantages which the Massachusetts Agricultural College has to offer women. Miss Hamelin came here from Amherst where the college is located, to give us some exceedingly interesting data concerning the curriculum and work of the school. There are many different lines of work which can be studied. Among these are landscape gardening, 4H club work, poultry raising, and research work. Miss Hamelin told us an interesting story of one of the alumni who spent days breaking eggs. She studied them for months in this way until she finally invented a method of making them unbreakable, so they could be shipped great distances with no losses whatsoever. This and many other things show what women can do in this field of work.

Edith Volk

One day when Lincoln was escorting two ladies to the Soldiers' Home they were all compelled to leave the carriage, owing to the bad condition of the road due to excessive rain. Mr. Lincoln placed three stones for stepping-stones from the curb to the vehicle. While assisting the ladies to firm land, he remarked:

"All through life, be sure you put your feet in the right place, then stand firm!"



'23 ISABEL HESSE has been awarded a scholarship of a year's study abroad by Trinity College in Washington. She will be graduated in June and plans to spend the coming year in Germany at the University of Bonn, where she will specialize in the language of that country.

After her graduation from Pittsfield High School, Miss Hesse attended St. Elizabeth's College near Morristown, N. J. for two years and while there served as secretary and president of her class. She then transferred to Trinity College where she has been active in the Glee Club and class affairs. She has studied German four years in college, and in addition to continuing her work in this subject while abroad, plans to take up other languages.

'24 ROSEMARY HAYLON, a student at the college of St. Rose in Albany, N. Y. was struck by an automobile in that city and seriously injured. However, she is now well on the road to recovery.

MARY BEEBE has been chosen this year by a joint committee of students and faculty as one of the seven girls of senior class of Russell Sage College in Troy, N. Y. to receive a "blazer." This is the highest senior honor and qualifications for the award include high standing and co-operation in college activities, academic work, personal appearance, sportsmanship and interest in world affairs.

She has been active in college affairs during the past four years and is a prominent member of the senior class, which she serves as secretary. She is also literary editor of *Sage Leaves*, the college annual.

Miss Beebe is president of the Glee Club this year and has taken prominent roles in former productions of this organization, lately starring in "Pinafore."

'21 THOMAS KILLIAN continues to cover himself with glory. He has been awarded the Charlotte Elizabeth Proctor fellowship of \$1400, plus tuition fees and laboraroty fees in physics, at Princeton. This is what is known as an advanced fellowship.

Mr. Killian, who is twenty-two years of age is a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1926, where he received his B.S. and M.S. degrees. Since then he has received his M.A. degree at the graduate college, Princeton. Under the fellowship arrangement he will continue there for another year. He is working for his Ph.D.

Last year he spent eighteen weeks at Heidelberg and after finishing college he may go to Europe for another year. He is fitting himself for instructorial duties or research work and plans to go to the research laboratory at the General Electric plant in Schenectady this summer.



The Origin of Baseball

ABNER DOUBLEDAY, a Major General in the United States Army, was the man who conceived the idea of baseball. He was living in Cooperstown, N. Y., in 1839 and during his sojourn at school there he, with a lot of other fellows, began to play a game they afterwards named "Baseball". At that time it consisted of hitting a ball and running to a base located anywhere from fifty to one hundred feet from where the batter stood. After hitting it he ran to where the stone was laid and if he was hit by the ball thrown from the hand of some player, he was declared out. The rest of the game was also in a crude form.

The idea of the diamond was not that of Mr. Doubleday, but of one of the players whose name was Alexander Cartwright. He brought a rough sketch of what he termed a baseball diamond and after much wrangling the boys decided to try it. After a thorough trial, the players continued playing on the diamond as planned. The old diamond is practically the same as the present one, only with a slight variation. The bases are now placed at 90 feet instead of at any distance that suited the field, as in those days.

The first baseball club in existence was known as The Knickerbockers and after a thorough search, a plot of ground was found suitable for the field on Manhattan Island. It was not long before other clubs began to form and in 1846, a club calling themselves the "New York Nine," organized and issued a challenge to the "Knickerbockers" for a game. This challenge was accepted and the game was arranged to be played on June 19. The contest was played in Hoboken, N. J., and this was the first game ever played between two recognized teams. The New York nine won the game by a score of 21 to 1 in four innings, it being necessary to score but 21 runs to win the game in those days, and the team that scored that many times first, won the game.

Not another game was played until June 3, 1851, when a team calling themselves the Washington Club issued a challenge that the Knickerbockers accepted.

When the two teams arrived to play, the Knickerbocker team almost caused a riot by appearing on the diamond wearing uniforms. Who ever heard of such proceedings? The boys wore blue trousers, white shirts, and straw hats. The Knickerbockers won the game by the score of 21 to 11, in 8 innings.

Time works wonderful changes in every branch of sport but in none of the various branches of athletics has time wrought such a startling transformation as in America's favorite sport, baseball. Baseball today is part of the life and nature of every real red-blooded person. The first frolic of the small boy is baseball; that is his diversion at school, high school and college. Football and basketball are coming sports but neither will ever surpass baseball in popularity.

Some Old Time Records

In looking through an old book of baseball records, I came upon some interesting facts that will probably prove interesting to our sport column readers: Some Old Time Scores

June 8, 1869—Buffalo, of Buffalo, 209; Columbus, 10.

October 20, 1865—Athletics, 162; Alerts, Danville, 11 P. M.

October 20, 1865—Athletics, 101; Williamsport, 8 A. M.

The greatest shutout game took place in Providence August 21, 1883, when the team of that city and Philadelphia met. Radbourne, the great twirler of the day, was on the mound for the Grays, while a young pitcher named Hogan worked for the Quakers. Providence won the game 28 to 0. The Philadelphia team had a circus and made 27 errors.

The longest game ever played in baseball, no matter what class, was played at Cleveland, Ohio, when the Brooklyn Athletic Club and the East End All Stars-battled for thirty innings. The battle lasted five hours and fifty minutes. Brooklyn won the game by the score of 3 to 1.

P. H. S. 17--St. Joseph 15

On April 16th the P. H. S. girls defeated the St. Joseph's girls in a basketball game at the Girls' League by a score of 17-15.

St. Joseph's made ten points to Pittsfield's six in the first half, but by hard fighting and excellent passwork Pittsfield tied the score in the third quarter and won with less than three minutes to play in the final quarter.

Miss Mahavski was high scorer for Pittsfield and Miss Cardin starred for St. Joseph's team.

B. Couch '29

P. H. S. Girls Win City Championship

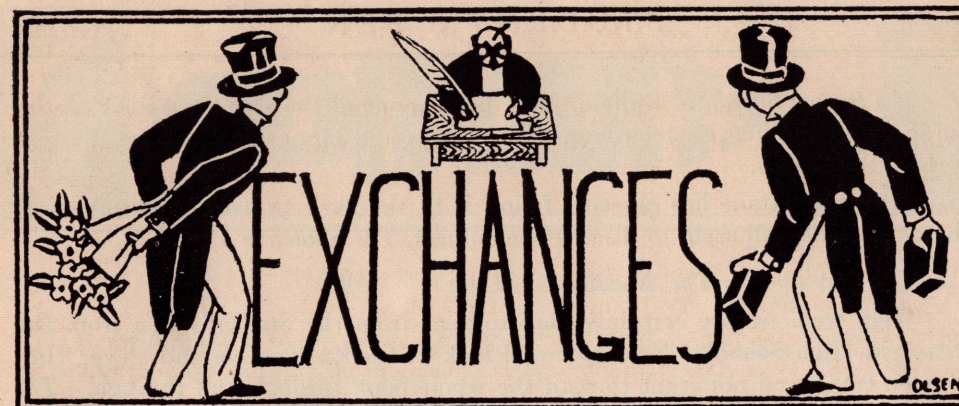
The first girls' basketball team ever organized at P. H. S. won the city championship April 26th by defeating the St. Joseph's girls in the deciding game of the city series at the F. M. T. A. by a score of 13-10. St. Joseph's got away with a good start and was leading 6-2 at the end of the first quarter. In the second quarter, St. Joseph secured two floor goals while Pittsfield made two baskets and a free try. By continuous hard fighting and excellent guarding Pittsfield held St. Joseph's team to ten points, and in the third quarter Pittsfield went into the lead and retained it throughout the remainder of the game.

Miss Mahavski was high scorer for P. H. S. and Miss Carden for the parochial team.

B. Couch '29

"In the early days," said Lincoln, "a party of men went out hunting for a wild boar. But the game came upon them unawares, and they, scampering away, climbed trees, all save one, who, seizing the animal by the ears, undertook to hold him. After holding him for some time and finding his strength giving away, he cried out to his companions in the trees:

"Boys, come down and help me let go!"



Exchange Department

"Twas' the night before Memorial Day,
And all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse."

SUCH is the condition of affairs in my house as I lie in bed on the evening of May 29, 1928. My thoughts are all set upon the morrow, on Memorial Day, on the wonderful parade that I am sure to see . . . Oh, hum, I am growing sleepy . . .

Why here comes the parade now! But what a strange affair! I see a magazine in purple, *The Critic* of Lynchburg, Virginia, leading the way. What an excellent publication with fine literary material! The idea of the divisions of "Youth" signified by the three editions of the magazine the "Quest", "Tourney", and "Victory" is both unique and successful.

The *Greylock Echo* from Adams, Mass. with its "Music Number" furnishes the music for our parade. Many different phases of music are discussed in this interesting issue. A play, "An Hour Before Breakfast" gives a decidedly humorous touch to the *Echo*.

Here come the soldiers! *The Cue* of Albany Academy appears with a student in full dress uniform on the front cover. This magazine from Albany, N. Y. certainly has improved its appearance since we last saw it. The pictorial section adds much to the *Cue*, but we wonder if there isn't a single poet in the Academy.

Next comes *The Noddler* from East Boston High School, a welcome addition to any parade. *The Noddler* has a fine standard cover, a picture of a sailing vessel scudding before the wind, to show East Boston's former supremacy in ship building. We can find fine stories in this magazine and we enjoyed "Behind the Scenes". A few more jokes might enliven this member of our parade.

I find after this comes *The Scroll* from St. Ursula's Academy in Toledo, Ohio. This is a complete magazine with fine literary material. The poems in the Junior Issue proved very enjoyable reading.

The Sports in the parade are represented by *The Crimson and Gold* of Columbus High School, Columbia, Pennsylvania. Articles especially written for the magazine by Connie Mack and M. M. Witherspoon feature the issue. More jokes and cuts would vastly improve this little magazine.

The Bennet Beacon of Buffalo, New York is one of the star magazines of the parade with the fine Easter cover. The sports and humor sections are the reatures of the *Beacon*.

After the parade has passed I follow it to the park to hear the speakers of the day. They all seem to discuss one subject, *The Student's Pen*.

The first speaker *The Noddler* says this:

Well, well, we are certainly glad to hear from the *Student's Pen* from the Pittsfield High School. Nobody could look at their attractive and clever Hallowe'en cover and not want to read the whole book through and through. *The Noddler* is just as anxious to have the *Pen* students keep their renovated building clean and beautiful as they themselves are out to keep a brand new school worthy of its name. That motto was a good one for all schools whether new, or old, or just renovated. A few more stories like the "Uncovered Wagon" might have uncovered a few more hidden praises from other schools. "The Book Lover's Corner" was the cream of the paper. Best wishes to the clubs and especially good luck and success to the debating club.

The Bennet Beacon next gives a few remarks:

You ought to get *The Student's Pen*. . . . They have about the best poetry of any school paper I know of. They appreciate talent also. They said the *Bennet Beacon* had the best athletic write-ups of any school magazine they received. *The Student's Pen* is printed in Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

The Roman of Rome, Georgia discusses *The Student's Pen* in this way:

Your editorials are very interesting and your cuts are numerous and attractive. We especially enjoyed the story "Fumes From an Old Pipe". Your poetry shows much originality. A few more jokes would improve your magazine. Come again.

Our friend, *The Brocktonian* from Brockton, Mass. has this comment:

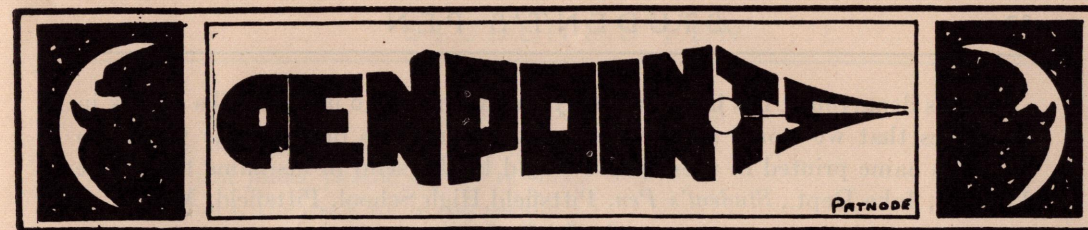
Your magazine has an excellent poetry section. From cover to cover, we more than enjoyed reading you.

The Exponent of Greenfield, Mass. speaks thus:

Your exchange column is very unique. Keep up the good work.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges:

The Roman, Rome, Georgia
Student's Review, Northampton, Mass.
The Owl, Middletown, N. Y.
Burdett Lion, Boston, Mass.
Commercial News, New Haven, Mass.
Brocktonia, Brockton, Mass.
Exponent, Greenfield, Mass.
The Meteor, Pocomoke, Md.
Boston University News, Boston, Mass.
Vermont Cynic, Burlington, Vt.



"Rira bien qui rira le dernier"

R. Millington says that if we only had a mouse in the lunch-room every day, it would be worth while going to school.

* * * *

"Heard the new duck song?"

"Not yet."

"Waddle I do?"

* * * *

Just before being shoved back into his padded cell for the night last Thursday, one of the inmates of the joke asylum was heard to utter:

"The boy who works his way thru college is some lad, but it's pretty hard on those he works."

"Better watch that man, Warden!"

* * * *

Have you heard the story of the Caledonian who dropped and broke a new bottle of iodine on the sidewalk, and then cut his finger?

* * * *

Mike, biting into a nail in his "Abso-Fresh" in the lunch-room:

"Oh boy, if I can only get a few more of these spikes we can start building a new high school! Now to find a piece of wood in my cocoa."

* * * *

Bill: "On what grounds does your father object to me?"

Jenny: "On the grounds about the house."

* * * *

Inmate: "What's the matter?"

Second Scholar: "I wrote an article on fresh milk and the editor condensed it."

* * * *

LANESBORO ITEM

Farmer (to druggist): "Now, you be careful an' write plain on them bottles, which is fer the cow an' which is fer the hired man. I don't want nothin' to happen to that heifer."

* * * *

THE PERFECT EGOTIST

Willie: "Aw, you're scared to fight, you are!"

Skinny: "Naw, I ain't. But if I fight my ma'll lick me."

Willie: "How'll she find it out?"

Skinny: "She'll see the doctor goin' in your house."

This department has heard so many complaints as to using pupil's names in our jokes that we would appreciate it if everyone who desires or is willing to have his name printed in these pages would kindly send in his name to: Uncle Wiggley, Joke Dept., *Student's Pen*, Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Mass.

* * * *

Chuck Taylor: (to Rickheit) "Naw, that isn't Santy Claus; it's Trader Horn."

* * * *

To satisfy numerous inquiries as to the contents of the bottle which was thrown overboard by the editor of this department, and which was picked up by the light-house keeper, we wish to state that before being used as an envelope, the bottle contained *only* Evian water.

* * * *

Miss Tolman: "Where's your pen-wiper?"

Haylon: "Don't need it. I'm wearing my black suit today."

* * * *

Prudent: "What college did you graduate from?"

Student: "Dunno, haven't had time to look at my diploma yet."

* * * *

HEARD IN THE LIBRARY

"Those questions were child's play. I finished my paper in about three cigarettes!"

* * * *

Some of our school athletes claim that their arm muscles are so large that they are unable to get their sleeves on any more. It is sincerely hoped that this is only a rumor.

* * * *

Her: "Do I look fit?"

Him: "You look more like a convulsion to me."

* * * *

Joke Editor: "Did you say that this joke is original?"

Contributor: "Yup."

Joke Ed.: "Well, you don't look to be thirty, not by a long shot."

* * * *

"Is there any soup on the menu?"

"There was, but I wiped it off."

* * * *

Mr. Strout: "Any abnormal children in your class?"

Miss Pfeiffer: "Yes, one of them has good manners."

* * * *

We always notice that the persons who have so much to say about being ready to shed the last drop of their blood are very particular about shedding the first.

* * * *

Miss Power: "Loveless, what do you know about Ceres?"

H. Loveless: "Do you mean the world series?"

GEORGE BEEBE SAYS:

"Getting out this paper is no picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we're silly;

If we don't, they say we're too serious;

If we clip items from other papers, we're too lazy to write for ourselves,

If we don't, we're stuck on our own stuff.

If we don't print all contributions, we don't appreciate true genius,

If we do print them, the paper is full of junk.

If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up, we're too critical;

If we don't, we are asleep on the job.

Now probably, somebody will say we swiped this from some other magazine.

We wouldn't deny that, 'cause we DID."

* * * *

From Mr. Herrick comes the following definition of a boarding house strawberry shortcake:

A circular solid, every point in whose perimeter is equidistant from the strawberry.

* * * *

At a social last Monday at the home of Mrs. John T. Howes, a Victor Hugo program was presented. Mrs. Harold Hawkins spoke on "The Half-back of Notre Dame."

* * * *

Wife: "John, I'm writing a paper on calendar reform for our club. Do you know which Pope gave us our present calendar?"

John: "Pope? Good heavens! I thought it came from the grocer."

* * * *

IN THE LIBRARY

Soph: "Have you that new book on Bridge by San Luis Rey?"

* * * *

Mr. Goodwin: "Why don't you answer me?"

Dicky: "I did; I shook my head."

Mr. Goodwin: "Heavens, you don't expect me to hear the rattle way up here, do you?"

A Few Pleasant Incidents Of The War

AN American in France noticed a little group of American soldiers. One of them, a lanky youth, obviously from the mountain country of Tennessee or Kentucky, was handling a rifle familiarly, and talking about fighting and being wounded. The observer said in surprise, "How do you know so much about war? You are too young to have been in any war, aren't you?" With a characteristic drawl, he replied, "Wall, this is the first public war I ever was in."

A German shell exploded one evening close to a dugout where a colored soldier was on guard. It did no damage, but a badly frightened trooper suddenly drew some dice from his pocket and threw them as far as he could.

"From now on henceforth," he exclaimed, "I gwine lead a diff'nt life."

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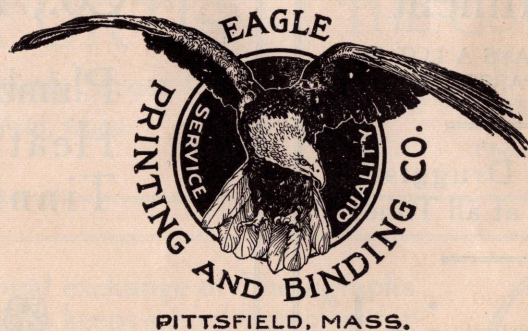


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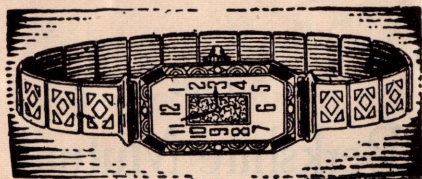
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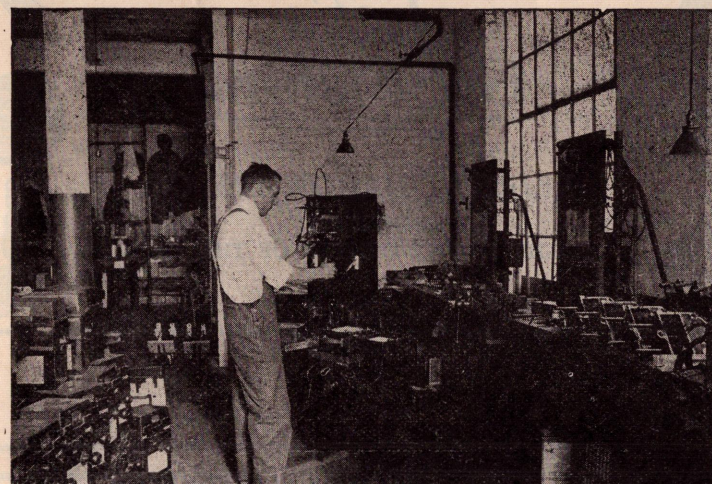
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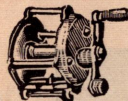
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May, 1928